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IN VACATION.

Twelve Months.—There lives in a small town in Virginia a darky known to everyone of its inhabitants by the name of Chris. He is of medium size and is perhaps about thirty-three years of age, but might pass for twenty. His duties are various. He is janitor for two of the banks and several stores, messenger for the post-office for the sending of special delivery letters, has a monopoly as a distributor of newspapers, and at the same time conducts an itinerant shoe-shining business. He is shrewd and witty to a degree, and is allowed many liberties.

Not long since he approached the judge of the Circuit Court, a fine old gentleman of the elder school, and gravely presented him with a calendar.

"Jedge," he says, "I'se giving you twelve months, but I hope you ain't gwine return the compliment."—Ex.

The Power of Conviction.—"How came you here, my man?" queried the lady, who was distributing tracts in the prison, to convict No. 41144.

"I was brought here by my conviction," replied the man behind the bars.—Central Law Journal.

Sarcasm.—The judge did not seem to appreciate the remarks of the attorney for the defense. At last the judge interrupted the lawyer and said:

"Do you know that everything you say is going in one ear and out the other?"

The lawyer turned to him and replied:

"Your honor, what is to prevent?"

Much Ado about Nothing.—Counsel for the Plaintiff: "And so on the twelfth of the month you called on Mr. Wilkinson? Now, what did Mr. Wilkinson say to you?"

Counsel for the Defendant: "I object to that question."

The question was thereupon debated for half an hour, and was allowed by the judge.

"Now, witness," said the counsel for the plaintiff triumphantly, "on the twelfth of the month you called on Mr. Wilkinson. What did he say to you?"

Witness: He wasn't at home.—Ex.

The Greatest Financier.—"Who was the greatest financier ever known?"

"Noah, because he floated his stock when the whole world was in liquidation."—Ex.